

› Whatcha See?

[Verse 1]

One, two, three, and I don't stop
Comin' is the man with the motherf**king plan, got their a** running
Known and I'm prone to educate
When I speak to my folk, I set 'em straight
Now understand that I can't be the
One to perpetrate the gangsta fever
So I sit back and observe cause I'm kinda smart
Thinkin' brand new ways to my people's heart
Bounce on in a city where they shoot
Over anything from looks to loot
So many fools get lost in a shuffle, should I scuffle?
So many slippin' cause they egos got em trippin'
Now listen what I'm saying cause it's real
Black men dying nowadays got ma** appeal
So you better recognize where I'm coming from
In a city where it's fashion to act dumb
Still stressin', still strivin'
Still coming real, still trying to survive when
Everybody got their motherf**king straps close
This one's going out to my dead foe
And the brothers in the pen
Cause I still got love and I'm never giving up
Cause we still struggling
I see we gotta get it together
Motherf**k what you heard before
I'm still coming with the...

[Verse 2]

Now how many fake gangsters drop when I pop
True facts for the blacks and you know it don't stop
Kickin' knowledge everyday when I bill
It's the man known forever coming real
Now, how many n***as gotta die before we see?
United we stand, divided there's misery
So I put my funk on your a** quick
Hope brothers get the message in the music
I be coming with the sh*t to let you know
I'ma let you know exactly what be going on for sure so we can grow
It's the same old bullsh*t everyday
Young n***as dying up, victims of the game

But as long as I'm living I keep giving facts
And as long as you listen I be bumpin' raps
That's real sh*t coming from a street soldier
N***a, act like you know, for real